

The Critic

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Literature

An International Republican *

THIS IS A WORK of genuine righteousness as well as of literary art. To clear away the mists of mythology, to destroy the ammunition of bigotry, and to vindicate the memory of a patriot is a work which 'deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.' In these two volumes, the result of many years of research in England, France and America, Mr. Conway has achieved what will win the plaudits of all real Christians, of everyone who loves truth and justice. He has not, indeed, been able to make Paine a personally interesting or lovable character, or to show him free from pronounced and usually intrusive traits that were both disagreeable and repulsive. One who declines to be set on fire by Mr. Conway's eulogies will no more wish that he had lived in company with Paine than did Mr. Matthew Arnold grieve that he had not voyaged in the Mayflower with the Pilgrims. In more than one case, also, it seems to the reviewer, there is exaggeration and gush, the tone of the polemic theologian and preacher-advocate being as unmistakable as is the lack of proof from the facts alleged. These, however, are but faults on the surface, and after reading the whole book, as we have done, we can scarcely blame Mr. Conway for his enthusiasm.

In a manner not usual with those who usually quote the text, Paine's 'delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did he meditate day and night.' For Thomas Paine made the great principles of eternal right and justice his study, and his hatred of all injustice and falsehood was intense. Coming out of that part of England first leavened by the Anabaptists, the spiritual ancestors of the Quakers, Paine was a man of theocratic mind. He hated everything which true Republicans and a majority of Christians in Great Britain and America now hate, especially kings, nobles, state churches, and all institutions and interpretations, even of the Bible, that make for slavery, oppression and robbery. Believing in the rights of man, as fervently as did the New England clergymen who sent their flocks to Bunker Hill, Paine at once espoused the American cause. A Friend by religious training, he was no Quaker when Quakerism was used as a cloak to poltroonery or disloyalty to Liberty. Paine was a devout Deist, and might have died in the odor of orthodoxy had he not, quite late in life, in England, seen and felt how a certain theory of the Bible was made into a branding-iron for republicanism, and a club to beat out the brains of liberty. Much of what Paine assaulted is that which the 'non-Conformist conscience' and churches of England and the Protestant American pulpits for a half-century or more have been 'unloading' or assaulting. The brutal coarseness of Paine's language now shocks our taste, largely because his books live, while those born in the same hour have been long since dead and forgotten.

Paine is unquestionably one of the makers of the liberal England of our day, and of the changed theological climate and more fully realized republican ideal under which we live. How devotedly loyal to the truest principles underlying our

government and society, how early he was a friend of the Negro-slave and an advocate of emancipation, how wisely he pointed out the dangers to liberty, fired the hearts of our ancestors as they with Paine himself shouldered their muskets and bivouacked in the wintry storms, Mr. Conway tells with equal accuracy and eloquence. Of his mechanical genius, how he was an inventor of bridges, of his journalistic and editorial ability, of his varied and valuable services in America, the story is told with vast power, after long winnowing and sifting of heaps upon heaps of documents. Not until his second life in England, and in France, did Paine become the theologian, and fight kingcraft, intrenched villainy in high office, and abominable and bloody state-churchism with his own homemade weapons. In France, with noble courage, he pleaded for the life of the deposed Bourbon, beseeching mad republicans that they would 'kill the king, but not the man.' Returning to America broken and in old age, Paine found neglect, derision and hatred where he had hoped for honor, gratitude and love.

That one who could retain neither the affections of the women whom he made his wives nor of many of his once nearest friends, that one whose personal habits were often repulsive, despite his winning ways with children, should expect to be welcomed by those whose faith he assaulted so brutally, seems absurd. Paine was not a man of tact. He was too much a born controvertist, too absorbed in great ideas and principles to understand or have patience with the fine arts of personal success. He had too much of the Elijah in him to please either the Ahabs, the priests of Baal or of Jehovah, or the common folks.

Mr. Conway succeeds best when he pictures his subject as the apostle of liberty and the patriot to whom America, France and England owe so much. Despite the vast changes of a century in opinion and outlook, it is not likely that Paine's methods of teaching theology will win wide acceptance so long as the laws of aesthetics remain what they are. Nor does Mr. Conway succeed wholly in clearing his hero's memory of the charges of shallowness, weakness, impudence, ignorance and hopelessly bad taste which the impartial student of Paine's deistical writings may properly bring against them. That the time has come, however, when all intelligent men should rebuke every attempt to belittle Thomas Paine's baptismal, literary, patriotic or philanthropic name is evident. All lovers of truth must be thankful for this contribution to the library of American history and biography.

"The Kansas Conflict" *

THE MATERIAL for a history of the struggle of Kansas to become a free State, so notably enriched by the recent work of Eli Thayer, is further enlarged by the handsome octavo volume on 'The Kansas Conflict,' by Charles Robinson, late Governor of the State. As a Massachusetts man who had had experience in settling California, he was selected in 1854, while editor of the Fitchburg News, to be the confidential agent of the New England Emigrant Aid Society in Kansas. As directed by Eli Thayer, his work was to develop an anti-slavery sentiment, in order to meet pro-slavery men at the ballot-box. The whole drift of the book is to show how the policy of colonization was opposed to the Garrisonian idea of rule or ruin in God's name. He proves that John Brown and James H. Lane imperilled the good work of the colonists, and that neither of them appeared on the scene until the policy of the free-State men had been determined upon. Robinson tears away the last shred of excuse for the massacre at Potawatomi by John Brown, which had so much to do with bringing on the great Civil War. In direct opposition to the assertions of James Redpath and of Frank Sanborn, the canonizer of Brown, Gov. Robinson declares that 'the policy of assassination, plunder, theft, robbery, arson, and murder was inaugurated by John

* The Life of Thomas Paine. By Moncre D. Conway. 2 vols. 85. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* The Kansas Conflict. By ex-Gov. Charles Robinson. 80. Harper & Bros.

Brown, and his followers practised such outrages during the entire season. This, of course, gave excuse for retaliation in kind, which was the most successfully practised by the slave-trade party, until the free-State men were virtually subdued and driven from the field.

Besides the mass of historical matter, here lucidly arranged with dramatic power and literary skill, we have a preface from the author's own pen, and a strong introduction from Mr. Isaac T. Goodnow, through whose persevering requests to Gov. Robinson this work has been written. In it is an outline of the Governor's own life, which itself is an epic. As war-Governor, and United States Senator from the State he helped to save, the author writes as one who was himself a large part of the movement which he describes. The final chapter gives a picture of the State, now mature, after a stormy infancy and wonderful growth. Strange as it may seem, this valuable work has no index. It is a book which will awaken controversy and stir blood as well as the as-yet-uncooled ashes of the 'question.' Without offering judgment upon the political controversy, we gladly bear witness to its attractive style and clear narration. It even compels the question, 'Was our Civil War necessary?'

"The Old South"*

THE epithet 'De Senectute' is applicable to the South no longer except in reference to a picturesque phase of things that has passed into the realm of memory and poetry: in one sense, however, the 'Old' South is still the 'New': it is its root, its inspiration, its underlying heat and light. That old philosophy of Cicero's has grown into a young faith, rearranged, rejuvenated, suited to new conditions, replenished with young life, saturated with new juices. A delightful 'old age' was that of the Old South: hospitable, exclusive, it may be, but benign in many of its aspects, cultured, fond of genealogy and family and pedigree, like all old folks, garrulous now and then about 'rights' and 'privileges,' but not treading causelessly on other people's toes. It grew up in a big house, on a broad plantation, among many children, surrounded by slaves and old-fashioned portraits; at ease with itself and not anxious about others: Christian, aristocratic, militant when the time came, but not devoid of the graces of a Christian aristocracy. It read and rambled; it wrote history and state papers; it drew up Bills of Right and Declarations of Independence, and contributed constitutions to nascent States. It was already a white-haired grandmother when '61 burst upon it. This, like the crowing of the midnight cock, dispersed the old order of things: it dissolved like dew, never again to take the harmonious and refined forms of the past: the Old South melted into a beautiful memory to those that loved it; and its young children rise up and write about it, like Mr. Page, as a thing revered but to be put away among precious but disused heirlooms and inspirations that haply have had their day.

In Mr. Page's essays much space is naturally devoted to Virginia, the place of his birth and ancestry. He writes charmingly and with knowledge of its colonial and antebellum aspects, claims, civilization, and contributions to society. In other essays and addresses (for some of these chapters were originally spoken to large audiences) he rectifies many blunders and calumnies uttered by ignorant and prejudiced critics against the South and its institutions. Of the Negro he expresses the view of every self-respecting Southerner when he says (p. 344):—"We have educated him; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk."

'Two old Colonial Places' is the title of a pleasant chapter of the author's family history, grouping about 'Nelson

House' and 'Rosewell' (the home of the Pages) in and near Yorktown a mass of interesting social, historical, and architectural memoranda, agreeable to the general reader as well as to the antiquarian. Being a lawyer himself, of a race of lawyers (almost equally divided with ministers of the old Established Church), Mr. Page discourses sympathetically of 'The Old Virginia Lawyer' and his trials and eccentricities; but we confess to opening our eyes on seeing a chapter headed 'Social Life in Old Virginia before the War.' Of this Mr. Page can know little or nothing except by hearsay. He is not yet an octogenarian, but he has innumerable aunts and cousins and uncles who have told him all about it and who are bright living illustrations of the old régime.

Social and Literary Papers*

THE SOCIAL and literary essay is the favorite form into which cultured men now throw the results of their reading and observation, the channel through which much of the sweetest music of the age breathes, as through the varied pipes of Pan, a compact yet convenient form of literary art which shuns at once the dissertation and the encyclopædic article. It is a vehicle elastic enough to comprehend an essay of Bacon, an essay of Carlyle, or an essay of Emerson—three forms of essay as distinct from each other as the three points of an equilateral triangle; for what can be more antagonistic in treatment, style, and contents than the grains of golden sand, amorphous but glittering, heaped together in the Orphic pages of 'Representative Men,' the glowing and romantic pages flushed with personal feeling of 'Burns' or 'Goethe,' and the slow, serpent-like trail of one of those huge sections heavy with thought, labyrinthine in syntax, in which Lord Bacon packed his reasonings and his philosophies? Or, on the other hand, take the minor but exquisite forms of essay in which Elia delighted, or over which Addison threw imaginative grace, or on which Birrell or Curtis launch their barques of mother-of-pearl to go flashing over the filmy waters of society: how varied, how delightful are these in their shapings of one's thought, their flittings to and fro on the shaken and shining waters of the soul, their infinite and varied touch of the strings that compose the Æol-harp within us.

This happy and charming form has been selected in a very happy and charming way by Prof. Charles Shackford, late of Cornell, to convey to his readers many felicities of thought and phrase, many musings on things antique and new, and bright and thoughtful comparisons between ancient and modern conditions, societies, politics, literatures. We know not when we have been more struck than with such essays as 'Æschylus on Some Modern Social Problems,' or 'Plato's Republic,' 'Aristotle's Politics' and 'Social Progress.' Antique learning bears good fruit when it is made to illustrate by anticipation 'burning questions' of the nineteenth century, as in the essay on Æschylus, or the gradual dissolution of religious and mythological fabrics under the acetic acid of such wit as Lucian's ('A Satirist in the Second Century'). The silly question, 'Of what use are the Classics?' is wisely answered in philosophical retrospects like these, which reveal the uniformity and universality of human nature, the oneness of Lucian and Voltaire, the helpfulness of Aristotle in explaining difficulties and tangles for people who lived 2000 years after him, and the extreme modernness of Plato, who, in his 'Republic,' puts women, as the Spartans did, on a more or less exact equality with men. If people ever learn at all from their elders and betters, they can learn greatly and nobly from Hellas and Rome; and this Prof. Shackford shows. We are what we are because we have 'developed' out of them. 'Pythagoras and Plato moulded the living principles of Oriental wisdom into Greek classic beauty and practical use. The Roman Church shaped into a mighty whole the spiritual secrets of Buddha and Brahma, of Egypt and Greece, of Phœnicia and Pales-

* The Old South: Essays Social and Political. By Thomas Nelson Page. \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Social and Literary Papers. By Charles C. Shackford, late Professor at Cornell University. \$2.50. Roberts Bros.

tine. The Protestant Reformation created a new world for free, unlimited development of every seed that has in it the germ of life.* If we break this mystic yet living telegraphic connection with the Past, we suicidally sever the nerve from its ganglionic centre, and produce atrophy and silence where before was richest communication and speech. The advocates of a freakish, one-sided modern culture ought to read this interesting book, and find out for themselves what sustenance antiquity can give us.

Prof. Hall's "Beowulf" *

THE LATE HISTORIAN, Edward A. Freeman, was delighted with the Old West-Saxon words and pronunciations which he found in Virginia, that ancient Saxon commonwealth which still pronounces *c(e)ar*, *g(e)arden*, *ske-eye (sky)*, *ge-ide (guide)*, etc., as the Saxon-Norman forefathers did—certainly the first two words. It seems therefore appropriate that in this in-some-senses most English of the American States the cultivation of the English, the Anglo-Saxon, side of our composite tongue should be naturalized as nowhere else, should be the particular pet and pride of Virginians, who before even the time and the example of Jefferson loved and cultivated this noble instrument of human speech. And among the oldest and most striking monuments of this Anglo-Saxon aspect of English is that marvellous epic of 'Beowulf,' of the eighth century, written in words still intelligible to us to-day, words full of fire and dignity, of wrath and picture, of eloquence and poetry, of folk-lore and forgotten history. Of this remarkable work three different editions have come out in Virginia in the last eight or nine years, one of the original text (edited by Prof. James A. Harrison, and now passing to a fourth edition), a line-for-line translation by Prof. Garnett, and now an excellent rhythmical version with cadence and alliteration by Dr. Hall of the College of William and Mary.

'Beowulf' has often been translated before in prose and verse, in ballad and blank-verse metre, in German, in Latin, in French, in Danish and Swedish and in Italian, in iambs and alliterative measures, and in two-stressed lines. This great and curious poem has attracted great and curious attention among literary men and at the centres of literature. Matthew Arnold's brother (the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward) edited it with ingenious care. The gifted Kemble, of a family endowed with consummate dramatic insight, took up this vivid drama and edited it with loving and accomplished hands. Simrock, the poetic German who clung like a lichen to all that was old and German and beautiful in verse, found time to explain and translate the great deeds and mighty daring of Beowulf. To Lieut.-Col. Lumsden it was a delightful subject for experimentation in modern metres. And so with Grein and Wolzogen and Leo and Conybeare, with Grundtvig, Heyne, Ettmüller, with Wackerbarth, Wickberg, and Sandras, through the varied music of Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Romance tongues. 'Beowulf' has passed into these literatures as the noble achievement of unknown rhapsodes singing the Iliad and Odyssey of the Anglo-Scandian race as it rang among the mead-halls of the Baltic coast, in the antlered halls of Teutons, about the Norwegian fjords and along the Danish 'nesses.' Its length of 3000 lines was not too great to be retained in the plastic memories of the wandering bards: its force and brilliancy were too great to be easily forgotten. It has floated on down to us in one fragile manuscript, a shallow barque scorched by fire, spotted by vicissitude, a light but precious memorial of the prehistoric Lang Syne before the keels of Hengist and Horsa touched the hythes of Kent; a bauble, some may think it, yet to others priceless and irrecoverable if any untoward thing were to befall the Bodleian MS.

* Beowulf: An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem. Translated from the Heyne-Socin Text by J. Leslie Hall, Professor of English and History in the College of William and Mary. \$1. D. C. Heath & Co.

Dr. Hall's wrestle with the giant has been most successful. It is a distinct achievement in translation. His lines, with their four stresses and regular cadences, run musically, without yielding to mere riot in words, without effeminacy, with some loss of strength, to be sure, as compared with the matchless original, but nervous, often poetic, frequently felicitous. The quaint parallelisms of the Anglo-Saxon are retained; alliteration beats its regular tap through the flowing lines; a skillful use of anacrusis and cæsural pause varies the rhythm of the rhymeless yet cadenced verse; and the cantos are furnished with headings to suggest their contents. The translation, with its copious foot-notes, variant readings, and alternate versions of disputed passages, its bibliography and glossary of proper names, and its running marginal comment and condensation, is really a new and important edition of the poem; and not the least of its excellences, to our mind, is the uniform courtesy with which it treats the views and emendations of others,—a rare virtue in a young editor. We could have wished the numbering of the Heyne-Socin edition retained for reference, and a chronological rather than alphabetical arrangement of the bibliography.

Poetry and Verse

THOSE WHO CARE for Mr. George Meredith's verse will welcome a new American edition of his 'Modern Love,' containing, besides that poem, another, of much the same character, entitled 'The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady,' and also four very brief and somewhat bewildering lyrics. One of these lyrics is as follows:—

Ak, is Love divine,
Voices all say, ay.
Question for the sign,
There's a common sigh.
Would we through our years,
Love forego,
Quit of scars and tears?
Ah, but no, no, no!

Either the thought was too big to go into so small a stanza, or the stanza too small to go into the thought. The three other short songs are equally spasmodic and strange, but the two long poems contain a number of fine, poetic passages. Mr. Meredith's verse is not successful when he writes on octavo note-paper: it is better on a large sheet, letter-size, when he has room to express himself freely. We do not wish to discuss the *pro's* and *con's* as to whether he is a poet. We prefer the prose. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)

'MARAH' is the title of the last collection of poems written by the author of 'Lucile,' the most popular of all modern books of verse. It is to be said of the present volume that it contains more poetry than 'Lucile' and that it is better calculated to please adult readers. The sixty poems included under the title are so arranged as to form a logical sequence, although each in itself is complete and quite independent of the others. They exhibit all of the beauties and blemishes which have characterized the poet's former work—the facility being often more evident than the felicity though at times there is a happy blending of the two. The collection is heartily commended to the many lovers of verse and admirers of Owen Meredith's work. It deserves a genuine success, and when we remember what countless editions of 'Lucile' have been published in this country and consider the fact that the author was deprived of all royalty on them, we hope it will get its deserts. A longer and more elaborate poetical work by the same hand will appear shortly. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE ENGLISH LADY who writes over the pen-name of E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland) has collected her recent verse under the title of 'Lays and Legends: Second Series,' the general character of the work being the same as that in a former volume ('Leaves of Life') noticed in these columns. Her poems are thoughtful, full of sincerity and serious feeling, and fine in sentiment: at the same time they show occasional lapses into the commonplaces of expression and faults of taste in the matter of poetic art. There is nothing in the present volume quite so satisfactory and striking as 'The Ballad of Splendid Silence' in its predecessor—a ballad worthy of a place in any anthology of *lyra heroica*; but there are several new ballads here which exhibit the poet's power of setting forth a legend in language which is at once vigorous and poetic.

'Sir Hugh' and 'The Two Spells' are both excellent. In a graceful tribute to Mr. Austin Dobson, Mrs. Bland describes very aptly the characteristics of her own muse, of whom she says:—

Mine's harder—walks life's muddy ways
Barefooted; preaches, sometimes prays,
Is modern, is advanced, has views;
Goes in for lectures, reads the news,
And sends her homespun verse to praise
Your dainty Muse!

Homespun verse is a good definition of much that is in these lays and legends, but homespun has many admirable qualities; among others—it wears well. The volume contains a portrait of the author. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

POEMS OF A DIFFERENT KIND are those to be found in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's 'Swallow Flights': they have less strength, but far more finish, than goes into Mrs. Bland's work. Mrs. Moulton is a delightful lyric singer, especially when she forgets ghosts, graves and other gloominess. She sings naturally, always says something, and the manner of the saying betrays an accurate knowledge of the poet's art. In the sonnet—a form of verse for which she has a great fondness—she is perfectly at ease, and the average of merit in the great number she has written is very high. Her songs have wings, and, since they do not soar at any great altitude, she calls them very properly 'Swallow Flights.' This is a reprint of an earlier collection, to which have been added a few new poems, and there have been appended a few old, English opinions of Mrs. Moulton's work. This custom of sticking a lot of laudatory notices into a book is silly. The book is uniform in style with the author's 'Garden of Dreams.' (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

A CHARMING little book, inside and out, is Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding's 'The Wings of Icarus.' The author's favorite form of verse seems to be the sonnet, and of the many examples given here there is not one which does not possess a distinct grace of fancy or sentiment or thought. She has a careful regard for the artistic construction of this metrical favorite, and her choice of themes is always happy. A brief blank-verse poem entitled 'Fate' is one of the strongest pieces of writing in the collection, and, as it shows very well the fine quality of Mrs. Spalding's work, we quote it entire:—

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no need;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end,—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

Altogether this book is one of the most satisfactory collections of verse that have appeared this year, and it deserves a prompt and generous recognition. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

London Letter

THE STRING is snapped—the beads are scattered. That invisible bond which held together, even while wailing and complaining, the usual numbers assembled in the metropolis for the London season, has broken in its wonted fashion with a jerk and a rebound; and every form of amusement, and every species of ephemeral occupation has come to an end at once. Balls, dinners, even teas are over.

A pleasant garden-party or two is all that is left us, and such an one was that given last Saturday at Hampstead, for the special benefit of the Irish Literary Society—a society which has been formed for the purpose of affording a centre of social and literary intercourse for ladies and gentlemen of Irish nationality residing either permanently or occasionally in London. The inaugural address, which was delivered by Sir Charles Duff, was hearkened to with much sympathetic attention by a large and appreciative audience; and it is to be hoped that his words will bear fruit, for it is undoubtedly the case that for some time past Ireland has been

poorly represented in the world of letters. 'The famine of 1846,' observed Sir Charles, 'paralyzed many forces in Ireland, and none more disastrously than their growing literature.' Little, the speaker went on to say, had been done in the region of the mind since then. Moore's melodies, Griffin's and Banim's novels, the histories of MacGeoghan and Curry, and the writings of the young men of the era on which the famine fell, had been a constant cordial to the sorely tried spirit of their people; but since their day there had been no organized attempt to raise the mind of the country to higher and more generous ideals of life and duty, or to quicken its interests in things it behoved the people to know. No nation could with impunity neglect the mind of the growing generation. Young Irishmen of this decade should take up anew the unfinished work of their predecessors, and carry it another stage towards the end they aimed to reach. There were men fit and worthy to undertake such a course. Irish people were accustomed to say that their English neighbors knew little of their country, but alas! Irishmen knew too little of it themselves. What was wanted, moreover, was the reproduction of works which had disappeared out of circulation. The hundred best Irish books had been skilfully discussed in the newspapers, but fifty pounds, Sir Charles averred, would not buy the volumes recommended. Those books ought to be had for fifty shillings. A very practical suggestion completed the speech. It was to this effect, that the members of the Irish Literary Society should form a small limited-liability publishing company, for the purpose of having this done; and the speaker, in pressing home the importance of the scheme, promised that his own cordial co-operation should not be wanting.

The excellence of the above project was brought home to me within a few hours by a trifling incident. Two large volumes containing the memoirs of Richard Edgeworth, begun by himself and concluded by his daughter Maria, the distinguished novelist, were lent me from a neighboring library. A more entertaining—a more delightful book of the kind I never read. Once take it up it is impossible to lay it down. Yet this fascinating biography in which many familiar names figure, and which is brimful of wit, vivacity, and eccentricity, has never, so far as I can learn, been reprinted, and is not to be had under the price of one pound, ten shillings, at which it was published in 1820. Reproductions of every sort and kind being the fashion of the day, by all means let Irish people bestir themselves and set in the light anew their time-worn treasures.

'The Wrecker' has perhaps hardly had a fair chance, coming out as it does at a time when everyone is thinking of anything rather than of melodrama. The powerful hand at the helm is, I am told, everywhere felt, and the welding of the two forces at work is cleverly accomplished; but this is almost the only criticism which has reached me from any private source worth consideration, and I have not yet read the book for myself.

'The Land of the Almighty Dollar,' albeit a book of no 'parts'—as our forefathers would have said—is so frankly amusing, and so content to be this and nothing more, that it is as popular as unaffected mediocrity always is. There is, besides, a feeling that it is meet and right an eminent financier should write about his *alter ego*, the Almighty Dollar.

Prof. Caird, the whilom greatest preacher of Scotland, has been testifying in his own eloquent language to the influence of Carlyle upon the self-cultured youth of his native country. In these days when the rage for notoriety and the passion for riches are to be found everywhere, even in the remotest districts, it is well for us all to be sent back sometimes to the pages of that great, earnest soul, and his gospel of hard work and unabashed poverty; and it is cheering to learn from one who knows, as Prof. Caird does, all the 'inner workings' of humble Scottish life, that Carlyle is still not merely studied and quoted, but that he is a dominating influence.

Apropos of Caird himself, in the heyday of his popularity as a preacher—I believe he still draws enormous audiences when he does ascend the pulpit, which is but seldom,—there were many good things told, and I may perhaps be pardoned for recalling one. The little dark, massive minister was going off by train after one of his magnificent orations at Edinburgh, and as he carried along his own bag at the station, two porters stood by, and one nudged the other. 'Hey, Davie,' said he, 'd'ye see yon wee mon? Mon, he's a grand wee devil at the preachin'!' And the force of this comment can be confirmed by a fact which I not only recollect, but have as a scene before my eyes, though at the present moment it is that of the greater proportion of a large congregation sitting still in their places, after the conclusion of the usual lengthy morning service, with its long, tough sermon and terrible psalm-singing; and actually waiting there, in order to retain their seats for the afternoon, because the 'grand wee devil' was announced to officiate! Another curiosity of that special occasion was that nearly every other Presbyterian minister of Edinburgh turned over his own pulpit

to his 'assistant' and hurried to the West Kirk 'to hear Caird.' In every corner were to be seen white throated and white-headed reverend forms; and Caird, I may add, surpassed himself in his sublime exposition of St. Paul's comment on the altar 'To the unknown God,'—so thrilling and so impassioned was his language, that though I write of what happened five-and-thirty years ago, whole passages have burnt themselves into my memory, and the argument remains as clear as when, a child of twelve years old, I hearkened spell-bound. One is tempted to ask, Are there any preachers or lecturers now extant, for which an audience would take two Presbyterian services at a gulp?

The Rev. R. H. Haweis is not the first in the field with his female choristers, it appears, but the effect of his *soprani* and *contralti* marching in procession up the aisle arrayed in their surplices and 'mortar-boards,' was quite successful; and though I believe some of the less quick-sighted among the congregation were under the impression that they beheld youngsters who had forgotten to take off their hats and required admonition, others assure me it was a pretty sight, and there can be no possible reason why a mixed choir thus arrayed should not be commonly adopted.

L. B. WOLFORD.

Boston Letter

I THINK I HAVE FOUND—or rather Dr. Samuel A. Green has found—a copy of the first publication in America of plays of Shakespeare. In the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society is an old volume of bound plays labelled on the cover 'The property of Dudley Leavitt Pickman; the wicked borrow and return not.' The title-page of the first play in the book reads 'Twelfth Night, or What You Will; a comedy in five acts, written by William Shakespeare; as performed at the theatre in Boston; with notes, critical and illustrative; Boston, printed for David West, number 36 Marlboro street, and John West, number 75 Cornhill.' The other plays are 'Hamlet,' Cumberland's 'Natural Son and West Indian,' and Moore's 'Foundling.' No date of publication is given with any play, but the casts of several are printed.

Hunting through the records in my library, I find that 'Twelfth Night' was given its first production in Boston (perhaps in America, for I find no earlier record) May 5, 1794, and though the cast of that production has never before been found by searchers of to-day, yet the cast in the book corresponds with the names of the original company of the first regular theatre in Boston. That theatre, the Federal Street, was opened February 3, 1794, and as Mr. and Miss Baker, the Clown and the Olivia of the 'Twelfth Night,' according to the book, left Boston after the first season, the play was probably published in that same year of 1794. If I am not mistaken, it has generally been held that the first American edition of Shakespeare's works was published in Philadelphia in 1795-96, and the second in Boston in 1802-4. As theatres had existed in New York and Philadelphia before the Boston theatre was opened, it is possible single plays may have been published before the entire edition of Shakespeare's works was put on the market; but until such is shown to be the case, Boston may enjoy her honors. Miss Harrison, who afterwards became the wife of Snelling Powell, the Orsino of the cast, played the part of Viola, while Olivia fell to the lot of Miss Baker, a handsome actress who, when but seventeen years of age, married Robert Treat Paine, Jr., son of Robert Treat Paine, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her husband, who had changed his name, by act of legislature, from Thomas Paine, because he wanted a *Christian* name, was the first professional dramatic critic that America knew. His marriage led to temporary expulsion from his father's house, but yet his devotion to his young wife was not always constant.

The editor's notes in this ancient edition of 'Twelfth Night' are interesting from their simplicity, and though the editor's name is not known, it would seem, from internal evidence, that he was an actor and that he had seen the play acted in England. He tells us, for instance, that 'the love-sick Duke may be supported by a second-rate actor,' that 'jollity of features, figures and expression are the essentials of Sir Toby,' and that 'Maria requires nothing but ease and a tolerable person.' Among the notes there are two allusions which, unless all the annotation was taken from an English edition, would indicate the publication of two Shakespearian plays, at least, before this 'Twelfth Night' publication, certain characters being described as needing 'the same requisites' mentioned for certain characters in 'As You Like It' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' Now, neither of these plays was brought out during the first Boston season. 'As You Like It' was produced at the opening of the second season, but 'The Merry Wives' was not given until 1797; nor was 'Twelfth Night' given again before the close of the century. This, of course, disturbs the theory of the date. But, on the other hand, the plays bound with 'Twelfth

Night' were all given during the first season of the Federal Street theatre, so that the preponderance of evidence points to the date of publication as 1794. 'Hamlet' was the first Shakespearian play acted in Boston, having been given April 18, 1794. Probably Dr. Rolfe can determine whether or not this was the first Shakespearian publication in America, or perhaps some other reader may have direct information.

The poet Whittier, who has been enjoying a visit with friends at Hampton Falls, was unable to attend the ceremonies at the unveiling of the statue of John P. Hale in Concord, N. H., last week but he wrote an interesting letter to Gov. Tuttle regarding the famous New Hampshire Senator. Said he:—

No man knows better than myself how bravely and wisely he bore himself in the revolt and conflict which placed his State permanently on the side of freedom. He broke the chains of party, and set free the best and worthiest of the Jeffersonian Democracy to speak and vote as their better instincts and consciences inclined them. His victory made all the after successes possible which culminated in the abolition of human slavery and the establishment of the union on an immovable basis. As one of the few now living who had the privilege of acting with him in that memorable struggle, I am glad to bear my testimony to the ability, eloquence and devotion to principle of the man whose place in the Pantheon of his State has the permanence of her granite mountains.

The anecdotes in a recent letter of mine about the late T.O. H. P. Burnham, the well known dealer in antique books, reminds Mr. Dana Estes of another incident illustrating Mr. Burnham's generosity. At the time the yellow fever was making great ravages in Memphis and collections for the sufferers were being taken throughout the country Mr. Estes undertook to raise a fund among the booksellers of Boston. Several of the leading firms subscribed \$100 each, and Mr. Estes afterward took the subscription paper to Mr. Burnham. While reading it over the veteran bookdealer asked how much Mr. Estes wished him to subscribe. Mr. Estes replied, 'Three times as much as any other person, and as much more as you like.' He took the pen and wrote down quickly his subscription for \$375, thus complying literally with the request.

BOSTON, August 9, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, Mr. W. H. Peet, who has had a long experience, I believe, in connection with a leading London publishing-house, has written some interesting statements anent his business. Being a publisher Mr. Peet naturally argues from the publisher's point of view, but I cannot help thinking there is a good deal of truth in what he says. For instance, this:—

Barely half of the books published produce a profit at all, and not 10 per cent. result in profit worthy of the name. It is very rarely indeed that the author bears any of the absolute loss incurred, and the case where he does not share in the gain is equally rare. Books have been bought for 25%, as was the case with Anstey's 'Vice Versa,' which would have been cheap at 500%, but 1000% has been given before now for books which would have been dear at a gift.

This is quite as true in America as in England, but there is no use in trying to make an author believe it.

MR. PEET INSISTS, furthermore, that the profits in publishing are made from 'the books of utility, the school-books and the cookery-books, the technical and juvenile books, the production of which costs, perhaps, a few pence, and which sell for 2s. or 3s.' They are not derived, he says, from the 'more or less ephemeral novels, poems, essays, or sermons.' I know a very shrewd and successful publisher in New York who says the same thing. 'There is no money in miscellaneous publishing,' is his cry; but he has proved to his own satisfaction that there is a good deal in a special branch of the publishing business. Mr. Peet declares that writing history paid Macaulay much better than writing fiction paid Charles Dickens. The cheque for 30,000*l.* paid Macaulay by his publishers was only the first instalment of his profits on the sale of the third and fourth volumes of his History of England. Apropos of Macaulay, Mr. Peet says that he had no faith in the popularity of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and told his publisher that he might have the poems if he would only publish them. The 'lays' proved to be golden eggs, however, and the publisher shared his gains with the writer.

IT IS ALMOST ALWAYS amusing when a 'hard hitter' takes to patting some one on the back. Nine times out of ten he pats the wrong person. *The Saturday Review*, for instance, made its own reputation by the vigor of its blows at the established or half-established reputations of others. Things American—principally American books—have long afforded a fine field for its withering

sarcasm and thrusts direct; but now and then it finds occasion to gush over some product of our presses, usually choosing for its purpose some third or fourth or fortieth rate book. In the same way—to go from great things to small—Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte—sub-editor of *The New England Magazine*—has attracted a certain amount of attention to the advertising pages of his periodical by a monthly essay in literary criticism, which has not yet arrived at the dignity of recognition in the table-of-contents, but is printed in small type on the back of the advertisements, its standing title being 'In a Corner at Dodsley's.'

IN HIS SEQUESTERED CORNER of the village grocery Mr. Harte finds an abundance of green persimmons, and one is occasionally amused at the grimaces he makes over them. When he can 'sling' a popular writer, he is in his element; but when he finds a literary plum, it is apt to be overripe. Fermentation is likely to have begun; but the softness and sweetness of the fruit commend it to lips accustomed to the harshness of the crude persimmon. This month the Jack Horner of Dodsley's has pulled out a plum that began to ferment, apparently, before it had ripened. The poetry of the late Francis Saltus has fallen in his way, and he devotes several columns to a eulogy of the marvellous mind that gave it birth. 'Saltus,' he exclaims, 'was indubitably a greater poet than Poe, whose message was very slender.' 'He is more concentrated, more careful in the body of his work,' than Byron.

Francis Saltus was a genius, and, therefore, he could afford to be a pagan when he chose. He was, undoubtedly, the greatest imaginative poet America has produced; but his insistence upon certain phases of purely physical passion, not alone in the poems treating of the old civilizations of Babylon and Carthage, when the position of women made romantic love, as we understand it, impossible or extremely rare, forces the conviction upon one that his glorious imagination was not altogether sane. * * * He rose at times to heights of terrific expression that were unattainable by Poe or Longfellow, or indeed any other American poet. In all the range of contemporary literature there is not a poet who has made horrors his province and so completely triumphed in it as did Saltus.

MR. HARTE WAS evidently unacquainted with the writings of 'the greatest imaginative poet America has produced' even so recently as when he wrote for the current *New England Magazine* his paper on 'Walt Whitman's Democracy'; for in naming therein the five men-of-letters who have given significance to American literary history, he ignores Saltus and includes his inferior, Poe. Mr. Harte is a better hater than panegyrist.

IT HAS LONG BEEN the complaint of the gilded youth of this city that there is no place of entertainment to go to between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock at night. The aching void is at last to be filled, the Vaudeville Club having been organized to that end. According to its 'platform,' the object of the Club is to furnish its members 'with an evening entertainment, consisting of music and thoroughly high-class specialties of a character at present unattainable in New York.' Just what 'thoroughly high-class specialties' are at present 'unattainable in New York' no one but an *habitué* of the London music-halls or the 'Jardins' of Paris could say. Perhaps Carmencita will dance after hours, or the young woman who inflicted 'Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay' upon a long-suffering world may be imported. The best thing I have yet heard about the Vaudeville is that McKim, Mead & Co. will probably build its house.

'BECAUSE MR. HOWELLS confesses that whenever he has given way to inspiration "and dashed off a lot of work" he has found the next day that it was simply rubbish,' says the *Boston Journal*, 'he is called by certain contemporaries a plodder, devoid of imagination or poetry. But the method of illustrious writers of novels is a refutation of this charge. Hardy and Zola are men of daily and routine desk work, as were Thackeray and Balzac. To be sure, there was one great exception, the elder Dumas; but a Dumas is not born in every decade or every century.' What does it matter, after all, whether a novelist—or a poet, for that matter—'dashes a thing off' or does it deliberately? If he is lucky enough to be able to 'dash off' his novels, epics, or epigrams, he may make more money than the plodder; but it can make no difference in one's enjoyment of a work of art to know how long it took to produce it.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION of J. M. Barrie's masterpiece, 'A Window in Thrums,' is being prepared in London. Mr. W. Hole, R.S.A., is making the etchings, the subjects having been chosen by himself and the author. The book will be dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. James Winter, whose untimely death just

before the date fixed for his marriage to Mr. Barrie's sister called forth one of the most beautiful letters of modern times from the pen of the novelist. Apropos of Mr. Barrie the London *Bookman*, which is issued by his publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, says 'It is likely that Mr. Barrie's novel in *Scribner's Magazine*, which was expected next year, will be postponed a year, and that the subject will not be that originally chosen by him. "The published statements that Mr. Barrie is writing a new play for Mr. Toole, and that he desires to enter Parliament, are both inaccurate." Mr. Hole is also preparing illustrations for a five-shilling edition of "The Little Minister," which will be issued by Messrs. Cassell of London.'

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

AN EXCELLENT photograph of Holbein's portrait of a young man in the Vienna gallery is given as the frontispiece of the July *Portfolio*. The accompanying notice is by Mr. Walter Armstrong. The other full-page plates are a lion etched by Mr. Herbert Dicksee and a drawing of the pretty modern Gothic library of the Middle Temple, by Mr. Herbert Railton. Mr. Loftie conducts us through the Middle Temple buildings and garden with much entertaining chat about Shakespeare and Burke and the Wars of the Roses, and revels and masques by the way. A. H. Church writes of Japanese vase handles and gives some drawings of interesting examples. Mr. Hamerton is severe on Impressionists and others in his review of 'French Follies in Art.' E. Martinengo Cesaresco writes of 'Rimini To-Day,' with a drawing of the old triumphal arch. The 'Art Chronicle' is mainly devoted to the two French Salons.

'—Monumental Brasses of Lancashire and Cheshire,' by James L. Thorneley, is announced by Wm. Andrews & Co. of Hull.

—Mr. Henry Heyman, acting for the syndicate owning the famous Doré collection of paintings, has completed arrangements with the managers of Carnegie Music Hall for the transfer of the collection from the Doré Gallery, at 51 New Bond Street, London, where it has been on exhibition for twenty-one years. Mr. Heyman has secured a six months' lease of Recital Hall, with an optional lease of another six months. The exhibition will probably open in October. The chief of the thirty-eight canvases is 'Christ Leaving the Prætorium,' a painting twenty feet in height by thirty in width.

The Shelley Centenary

THE Shelley centenary has furnished a theme for other poets than Mr. Swinburne, his friend Mr. Watts, and Mr. E. C. Stedman, a long and well-sustained flight of song in his honor having appeared in a recent *Independent* over the signature of Bliss Carman.

A SONNET BY THEODORE WATTS

[*The Athenæum*]

As we remarked a couple of weeks ago, the celebration of the Shelley centenary is gaining ground. Lord Tennyson's patronage of the movement to establish a free library and museum at Hortham has had its effect. In another column we have printed some lines by Mr. Swinburne on the centenary. Here we may add a sonnet contributed by Mr. Watts to the *Magazine of Art*, in which dexterous use is made of the story of the Maid of Bethlehem told in Sir John Maundeville's *Travels* :—

In Christ's own town did fools of old condemn
A sinless maid to burn in felon's fire;
She looked above; she spake from out the pyre
To skies that made a star for Bethlehem,
When, lo! the flames touching her garment's hem
Blossom'd to roses—warbled like a lyre—
Made every fagot-twig a scented brier,
And crowned her with a rose-bud diadem!

Brothers in Shelley, we this morn are strong;
Our Heart of Hearts hath conquered—conquered those
Once fain to work the world and Shelley wrong;
Their pyre of hate now bourgeons with the rose—
Their every fagot, now a sweet-brier, throws
Love's breath upon the breeze of Shelley's song!

'A BEAUTIFUL AND INSPIRING LESSON'

[*The Christian Union*]

'Queen Mab' is not less offensive than it was in the day when it came from the press, and those acts in Shelley's life which reveal his lack of moral steadiness and of a just comprehension of the sanctity of human relations have not been and cannot be explained away.

The lover of Shelley renders the poet a doubtful service when he attempts to gloss over these things. It is not by concealing them or excusing them that the true judgment of the poet is reached, but by considering them in their relation to his age, his time, his temperament, and the circumstances of his life. Dr. Ecob, who writes elsewhere about Shelley with characteristic insight and frankness, explains the change of opinion very clearly. The world refuses to write the boy poet down an atheist because in the ferment of his youthful revolt he wrote 'Queen Mab'; it refuses to class him as irreligious because he broke with the religious institutions and conventions of his time; and it refuses to number him among the unloyal and the unfilial because of his rupture with his father. It studies his whole career; takes account of his passionate, ill-guided youth; notes the disastrous practical effects of the contact between an impulsive, poetic nature and such a philosophy as Godwin's; dwells upon the steady maturing of the poet's genius and character, and remembers that he was but thirty when he died. There is a beautiful and inspiring lesson in this change of opinion which prompts the English-speaking peoples to commemorate as one of the notable events in English literary history the birth of this richly endowed child of the Muses; born to a brief, troubled, and confused career, yet revealing, in spite of manifest faults and of an evident lack of balance of nature, a noble sympathy with humanity and a generous devotion to its interests, a deep-seated hatred of wrong, and, in his later years, a steadily deepening perception of the moral quality of life. These aspects of the Shelley centennial are in their way even more encouraging than the fact that so purely poetic a nature, living so entirely in the realm of the imagination, should become in some sense a public character. The time will come when the man of brass will give place to the man of gold, and scholars, thinkers, and poets will cease to be regarded as the idle singers and unfruitful members of society, and become in popular recognition what they are in fact, its guides and leaders.

An Interview with Zola

M. ZOLA was born in Paris, April 2, 1840. He is the son of a noted Italian engineer, and received his education at the Lycée Saint Louis, and was afterward employed in a French publishing-house. He has written numerous novels, many of them famous, and his works have been translated into several different languages. He is accused of a coarse literalism in his writings objectionable to many; he claims, however, to represent human existence, as it appears to him. He is said to lead a life of conscientious application to his art.

[Paris correspondence of *The Sun*]

To the initiated there are two hours in the day when the great novelist of the Rue de Bruxelles may be seen at home—one is at 1:30 o'clock, directly after his *déjeuner*, and the other is at 6, during the hour before dinner. M. Zola is a man of such extremely methodical habits that, except when he is away at his country seat at Medan, one may find him in at these hours all the year round. In the morning he writes, spending about three hours daily at his writing table in the artistic study, half workshop, half studio, on the first floor of his hotel. At 1 o'clock he lunches, devotes an hour after lunch to his friends, and spends the rest of the afternoon out of doors. At 6, he has another hour for friends and callers. He dines at 7, and gives up the rest of his evening to his domestic life. As a general rule, so he told me himself, he prefers people to call in the evening, as at the earlier hour, which is shortly after he has got through with his task, he is usually in a very nervous and irritable state.

Especially has this been the case ever since he undertook the writing of his new novel, 'The Crash' ('La Débâcle'), which, as he has frequently told me, has given him more trouble than any of his previous works. 'I don't write easily. I have always envied those novelists who produce their stories while tickling their beard and smoking their cigarettes. I produce in pain and torment, and usually leave my table after the completion of my daily task in a state of great irritation—irritation against my will, who, as I think, have not realized one tenth of what I sat down to do, and of irritation against my work, which has given me so much trouble and laid such labor upon me. I feel as a laborer feels against a pack which he has been carrying on his back all day, when he throws down for a short rest what has been galling his back and straining his muscles for so many hours.'

'My plan of work is most rigorous. Each chapter is marked out in advance, but it is only as I am writing that the various incidents which I have collected fall into place. Ah, I can assure you,' added M. Zola with a sigh, 'that a modern novel, such as I con-

ceive it, is no child's play, and I often wonder if the result obtained compensates for the immense labor and trouble taken.'

'My novels have always been written with a higher aim than merely to amuse. I have so high an opinion of the novel as a means of expression—I consider it parallel with lyrical poetry, as the highest form of literary expression, just as in the last century the drama was the highest form of expression—that it is on this account that I have chosen it as the form in which to present to the world what I wish to say on the social, scientific, and psychological problems that occupy the minds of thinking men. But for this I might have said what I wanted to say to the world in another form. But the novel has to-day risen from the place which it held in the last century at the table of the banquet of letters. It was then the idle pastime of the hour, and sat low down between the fable and the idyll. To-day it contains, or may be made to contain, everything, and it is because that is my creed that I am a novelist. I have, to my thinking, certain contributions to make to the thought of the world on certain subjects, and I have chosen the novel as the best way of communicating these contributions to the world. Thus "The Crash," in the form of a very precise and accurate relation of a series of historical facts—in other words, in the form of a realistic historical novel—is a document on the psychology of France in 1870. This will explain to you the number of characters which figure in the book. Each character represents one *état d'âme psychologique* of the France of the day. If my work be well done, the reader will be able to understand what was in men's minds and what was the bent of men's minds—what they thought and how they thought at that period. It is true that I sometimes ask myself if this is the *role* of the novel after all. My next novel will be "Le Docteur Pascal," who, as indicated in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," will scientifically resume all the characters treated in my Rougon-Macquart series of novels.'

Poetry as a Profession

[The London Evening Standard]

'IN ALL AGES there has existed a party formed against poets.' In these days, when authorship has become so general and popular, the ancient prejudice against a 'poet by profession' has somewhat passed away, and Lord Tennyson and Longfellow are examples of men who have become famous purely as poets, having adopted the 'idle occupation of verse-making' (as Lady Byron described her husband's literary avocations) as the business of their lives. And yet, even in these days, prudent fathers might hesitate at bestowing a daughter upon a suitor who, when asked what was his calling in life, should reply, 'that of a poet.' If the literary profession itself 'is a good staff, but a bad crutch,' what can be said of that special branch of authorship called poetry? It is curious to notice how much poets themselves have contributed to depreciate their own profession. Pope writes in an apologetic style regarding his own poetical efforts, careful to explain that

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no parent disobeyed.

And pleads his ill-health as a reason for invoking 'the Muse to help me through this long disease, my life.' Horace classes together 'a madman or a bard.' Poets, even more than artists, have been for ages looked upon as persons of vagrant and Bohemian habits; and the wandering minstrel of the Middle Ages, and men like Savage and Shelley, in later days, taken as fair samples of the 'poet by profession.' In reading the life of Byron one is sometimes inclined to think that many of his eccentricities were assumed in deference to the popular idea that 'a poet' was bound to indulge in such 'freaks of genius.' Southey, Wordsworth, Lord Tennyson departed entirely from the traditional *role* of the professional versifier; but it is questionable whether in the two former cases their own generation thought more highly of them for so doing, as in the case of the old Scotch dame who, denouncing the iniquity of talking a walk on Sunday, and being reminded that the Apostles themselves had done so, coolly retorted, 'Aweel, I dinna think the better o' them for it.'

The institution of 'Poets Laureate' would seem to be an attempt to give some honorable status to the poetical calling. Sel den has attempted to trace back the earliest institution of this office in England. A writer in the reign of Edward IV. describes himself as the King's 'Humble Poet Laureate'; Chaucer assumed the same title, also Gower and Skelton; but it is uncertain whether any special duties (as writing odes on certain occasions) were then attached to the office, or whether any fixed remuneration was paid to these ancient laureates. Chaucer had an annual grant of wine, but it is not certain whether this was a gift always attached to the office of Laureate. Spenser held the title in the days of Elizabeth, and in the reign of James I. a pension of 100 marks was granted to the 'King's Laureate,' an allowance afterwards in the reign of

Charles I. increased to 100*l.* a year, with an additional grant of 'wine from the King's stores.' It is doubtful if the custom of actually crowning the Laureate Poet with laurels was ever practised in this country, as it was in Germany and Italy. It was a survival of the ancient classic custom of thus honoring a successful versifier. Petrarch was publicly crowned with a laurel wreath by the Count d'Anguillara in the name of 'King Robert, and the Senate and people of Rome,' and a similar honor was bestowed on Tasso. Maximilian, of Germany, founded a poetical college at Vienna in 1504, and reserved to himself the right of bestowing the laurel crown. In the famous Provençal poetical contests of the Middle Ages, the prize of the successful versifier was not a laurel wreath but a golden violet. Despite all efforts of the friends and admirers of the bards, even the Laureateship itself fell into contempt. A princess might kiss the lips of the slumbering Alain Chartier as a token of admiration, 'not of the man, but of the lips which had uttered such fine sentiments'; a pope, like Urban VIII., honor the poet Chiabrara with an autograph letter (a distinction usually reserved by the popes for crowned heads); but no example of this kind availed to shake the popular opinion that the versifier by profession followed at best an idle, if not a discreditable, trade. The Church never looked too kindly upon the minstrel, the troubadour, or the professional poet. When Chaucer became 'serious' in his old age, he published a solemn recantation of the idle poetry of his youth, 'many a song and many a lay, * * * ending of worldly vanity.' The confessor of Madame Racine, writing an account of her last moments, praises her for never reading poetry, 'which she regarded as a dangerous pleasure,' and states that she had never even perused the works of her own husband; although one would have thought that productions like 'Esther' (which *dévote* M^{me}. de Maintenon allowed to be performed at St. Cyr) might have been deemed harmless literature by the austerities of censors. Pope, in the 'Dunciad,' alludes to Querno, the versifier, on whom Leo X. bestowed the title of Laureate in jest, and in whose laurel crown, it is said, vine leaves and cabbage stalks were mingled, in sarcastic allusion to the bard's 'dexterity in clearing the Pontiff's dishes and emptying his goblets.' Sir Walter Scott's estimation of the honors (?) of the Laureateship are well described by 'Lockhart.' Scott writes to request the Duke of Buccleuch to advise him how he can civilly decline 'this ridiculous offer' of the post of Poet Laureate, with which he describes himself as 'greatly embarrassed'; and the Duke replies in yet plainer terms, stigmatizing the appointment as 'a piece of Court sticking-plaster. * * * I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which, by the general concurrence of the world, is stamped ridiculous.' Scott astutely extricated himself from the dilemma by recommending Southey for the post, writing his brother bard a delightful letter, in which he persuades him that he (Scott) declined the offer rather on the grounds of consideration for Southey's superior claims to the post. 'I had a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, on whom it would be so much more worthily conferred. * * * For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry.' Southey swallowed the bait, and accepted the appointment—and was impelled to write the 'Vision of Judgment.' That portion of the Laureate's duties from which Scott specially shrank—the obligation to compose 'birthday odes,' which, as the Duke of Buccleuch remarks, would be 'chantered and recitativized by a parcel of hoarse and squealing choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honor, and gentlemen pensioners'—has happily fallen into disuse.

Gibbon has advocated the abolition of the post of Laureate. 'This is the best time for not filling up the office; when the prince is a man of honor, and the poet, just departed, a man of genius,' and these words were quoted on the death of Wordsworth in 1850. But, happily, the Laureate is no longer expected to justify his appointment by pouring out volumes of fulsome flattery on every event—birth, marriage, or death—in the Court circle. It is difficult to understand how Southey, who had sufficient sense of the ridiculous to satirize Romish superstitions so unsparingly, could have gravely penned some of the opening stanzas of the 'Vision.' Byron's parody was almost tempted by the Laureate's poem. Other times, other manners. Lord Tennyson has shown that it is possible for a poet to write both truthfully and touchingly when he finds subjects for his Muse in events in the lives of our Royal family. On reading the list of Laureates since the time of Spenser, the post does not appear to have been conferred on those versifiers whom later generations have crowned as 'the best writers of their day.' Jonson and Dryden are well-known names; but who now reads the works of Sir William Davenant, or Tate, or Whitehead, or even of Pye, Southey's immediate predecessor? Johnson laments that 'at the accession of George I., Rowe was made Poet Laureate, I am afraid, by the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who

died in the Mint, where he had been forced to seek shelter from extreme poverty'; so the pension formerly attached to the post may have been used as a means for relieving necessitous poets rather than as a mark of distinction for the best writer. An admiring anagrammatist remarks of Waller:—

His brows need not with *laurel* to be bound,
Since in his name he is with *laurel* crowned.

Where to Find Books in New York

[The New York Tribune]

THE NEW YORK LIBRARY CLUB has been collecting material for a publication which will be of great service to all students and to reading people in the vicinity of New York. The design is to print in a convenient manual a list of all the libraries of every character in this city and Brooklyn, giving the site, hours of opening, terms of use, extent and character of the collections, specialties, income, annual average additions, history and various other points of general or technical interest. The preparation of the manual is in the hands of a special committee, of which George H. Baker, president of the club and librarian of Columbia College, is chairman, the other members being S. H. Berry, treasurer; Paul Leicester Ford, the bibliographer and editor of *The Library Journal*; Miss Ellen M. Coe, librarian of the Free Circulating Libraries; Miss M. I. Crandall, of the Brooklyn Institute, and F. P. Hill, librarian of the Newark Public Library. An effort has been made to secure the information desired from 140 libraries, all but two of which are in this city and Brooklyn. The replies received in response to the circular sent out some weeks ago, printed in the New York papers, cover about fifty of these, and include a great deal of interesting and valuable information. They comprise free, circulating and reference libraries, collegiate, subscription, theological, law and medical, and the libraries of clubs, societies and associations, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, and charitable and penal institutions.

The Astor Library naturally claims precedence. It owns 235,101 volumes, and about 100,000 pamphlets; the average annual addition of books during the last five years has been 2722 volumes, purchasers having been greatly retarded by the expense of the new catalogue, completed in 1888. Its income is entirely from the endowments of the Astor family, which amount to \$1,969,099. The founder, John Jacob Astor, gives \$400,000; his son, William B. Astor, \$550,000, and his grandson, John Jacob, about \$850,000. The maintenance fund is \$411,550; the book fund, \$407,500. The Astor Library is a reference library, and no books under any circumstances are allowed to go from the building. Any person over sixteen years old may use the library, and the alcoves are open to persons over twenty-one vouched for in writing by some well-known citizen for purposes of research that cannot be conducted in the reading-rooms. As to the character of the collections, the aim is to have the best books of reference in every department, including the latest scientific serials, English and French literature; the fine arts, including music; archaeology, orientalia, modern history and statistics, mathematics, industrial arts, political economy, foreign law, etc., are well represented.

By reason of its size and wealth and its liberal attitude to the general public, the library of Columbia College ranks next to the Astor in importance. No other library reports such rapid growth, its additions for the last year alone being over 16,000 volumes. The library now numbers over 118,500. It is designed primarily for the officers and students of the various schools of the college, but is open for free use in the building to all persons of scholarly needs who make themselves known to the librarian. Books are circulated out among officers, students and alumni of the college. Unlimited access is allowed to a large part of the library. The law library is large and well selected, including foreign law, international, constitutional and administrative law. The collection of books in political and social science and economics is probably the best and largest in the country. Ancient and mediæval literature, especially the classics, is well represented, and there is a valuable Goethe collection, numbering several hundred volumes, while the already considerable Dante and Shakespeare collections are constantly being augmented. To the latter were recently added fifty works on Hamlet, formerly the collection of Carl Elze. Chief among the treasures is the library of the late Stephen Whitney Phenix, consisting of 7000 volumes of choice works, ranging from standard editions of English literature to a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare and a hundred other rare and precious works. There are complete sets of valuable scientific periodicals, and a recent gift of \$10,000 by Charles H. Senff is being expended at his desire for works on zoology. The Avery architectural library, given by S. P. Avery as a memorial of his son, a graduate of the college, who died

in 1890, contains several hundred costly illustrated works, and additions to the value of \$15,000 will be made to it this year.

The free libraries reporting for the manual are the Aguilar, Apprentices', New York Free Circulating Library and Cooper Union. The Aguilar Library, at No. 721 Lexington Ave., was founded in 1874 as the Young Men's Hebrew Association Library, and took its present name in 1886. It is supported by private benefactions and a city appropriation. It is open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. on all days but Saturdays, when it is open from 7 P.M. to 9 P.M., and lends books and allows free access to the shelves to all persons over twelve years old. The library numbers 140,000 [?] volumes, has a special collection of Hebraica, and maintains branch libraries at No. 206 East Broadway and No. 624 East Fifth St.

The Apprentices' Library, at No. 18 East Sixteenth St., is open from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., except on Sundays and legal holidays, and lends books without charge to all persons giving a written security from a responsible resident of this city that books will be returned. It has 87,000 volumes, and the annual net additions, losses deducted, have been 3472 volumes for the last five years. It freely supplies what its readers request and call for, while aiming to provide the best works in architecture, engineering and mechanics for its reference department. It was founded in 1820, and has since received several important gifts in books and money—\$5000 coming from the Peter Lorillard estate.

The New York Free Circulating Libraries lend books on the same terms, and are open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; 4 P.M. to 9 P.M. Sundays. The branch libraries are at No. 49 Bond St., No. 135 Second Ave., No. 226 West Forty-second St. and No. 251 West Thirtieth St. There are from 7000 to 16,000 volumes at each branch, the Ottendorfer branch, in Second Ave., having 7482 volumes in German, embracing considerable fiction and works in useful arts and popular science. The libraries are mainly supported by private gifts, \$12,500 being received from the city.

Cooper Union has a reference library of 30,588 volumes of miscellaneous literature and domestic and foreign periodicals. It is open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. to any respectable person over twelve years old, and on Sundays from October to May the library is open from noon until 9 P.M.

The Mercantile Library, whose new building is arising [1891] on the site of the old Clinton Hall, gives its privileges for a year for \$5. Its collection rivals the Astor's in size, numbering 232,784 volumes, the average growth of the last five years being 6908 volumes annually. There are branches at No. 426 Fifth Ave. and No. 33 Liberty St.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a finer library than many people are aware, being especially strong in architecture and the fine arts. There are about 3,000 volumes in these two divisions, the whole library numbering 38,400 volumes. A large collection of engraved and etched works, contains over 25,000 plates, 3,500 illustrations of sculpture, and 17,000 portraits. Masters of the classical period of the art of engraving are represented. One collection of 8,000 portraits, A.D. 1-1736, is unique. Periodicals, Polar explorations and Bibles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are mentioned among his specialties by Reuben B. Poole, the librarian, who has occupied that place since 1865. The library was generously endowed by William Niblo, who, besides giving it his own private library, left it a residuary legacy of more than \$147,000 for the purchase of books. Robert Hoe, Jr., Mrs. Morris K. Jesup and Mrs. Theodore Cuyler have been other noteworthy benefactors. The library has outgrown its present quarters, and stands in great need of a new building. It is open from 8:30 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sundays from 2 till 10 P.M. Respectable people are permitted to consult works, and men may become members by paying \$2 annually. There is a German branch at No. 14 Second Ave., which owns 900 volumes. A French branch, at No. 128 West Twenty-third St., owns 500 volumes of classical French literature, which may be used by any man who speaks French. The West Side Railroad Branch has 800 volumes in general literature. The Young Men's Institute, No. 222 Bowery, is another branch, whose 1500 books are circulated among members.

The Railroad Men's Y. M. C. A. Branch Library at No. 361 Madison Ave., may be used only by an employee of some road terminating at the Grand Central Station, or an employee of some company associated with such roads, such as express companies, to whom the books are circulated free. The library and the building were presented in 1887 by Cornelius Vanderbilt to the railroad men of New York, and no pains or expense is spared to make the library of use to its readers. It is strong in everything relating to railways and in historical and religious works; and free access is permitted to the shelves from 7 A.M. till 10 P.M.

The freedom to search at will among the alcoves and handle as many books as one likes is one of the many attractive features of the Young Women's Christian Association Library, No. 7 East

Fifteenth St., which is free to all women for reference, books being lent for outside use only to women over fourteen years old, who are either self-supporting or preparing for self-support, and who will give satisfactory reference and pledge themselves to obey the prescribed rules. The collection numbers over 16,000 volumes, and a specialty is made of books of practical and technical value to working women. It is open, Sundays excepted, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and from 7 P.M. to 9:15 P.M.

Of somewhat similar character is the library of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, No. 9 University Place, which makes a specialty of the history and science of education, and is free for reference from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., to all teachers who choose to consult it. The collection numbers 3500 books.

The Library of the Union Theological Seminary, at No. 700 Park Ave., is 'primarily for professors and students, secondarily for all ministers who wish to consult it.' Other persons properly recommended have the use of the collection of 65,000 volumes, which, in addition to the usual contents of a theological library, is strong in patristics, Roman theology, works of the reformers and incunabula. It has a large and unique collection in hymnology and American history. British history and philosophy are specially endowed. It has no means of artificial lighting, and is only open from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

The American Bible Society has a library in the manager's room in the Bible House, which may be consulted by persons interested. It comprises copies of the Bible in a great many languages, reports of missionary societies and works illustrating the history of the diffusion of the Bible. It contains the two original editions of the authorized version of 1611; the Oxford reprint of 1833; the Caxton Memorial Bible, one of 100 copies; the first English Bible printed in the United States, early Bibles of other lands and Rome manuscripts.

A new library discovered by the club is described as 'a novel library—i.e., a library without a novel.' It is temporarily housed at No. 9 University Place, and is that of the Society for the Home Study of Holy Scripture and Church History, organized by Bishop Doane. Within eighteen months this society, through its active director, Miss Sarah F. Smith, has collected 1100 volumes, principally church history and doctrine, ecclesiology and hymnology, sixty volumes on the Psalms, thirty volumes on the Catechism, and the newest and best works of authors belonging to the English Church. These were mainly collected in Oxford and Edinburgh, and many cannot be found in any of the city libraries, having long been out of print. They are circulated through the mails to subscribers, from Canada to Mexico, wherever the post can carry them. On Saturday their use is given free to only Sunday-school teachers.

The Association of the Bar of the City of New York, No. 7 West Twenty-ninth St., is open only to members. It owns over 37,000 volumes, and is strong in statute law and legal periodicals.

The University of the City of New York owns a library of 12,000 volumes for the use of students and faculty. Lawyers are permitted to use the Johnston law library, which comprises more than half of the whole collection, and is strong in law text-books and reports. The general library has been enriched by gifts from the British Government in 1836. Its publications include a Domesday Book, valued at \$2000. Prof. Henry M. Baird is librarian.

The largest medical library in the city and one of the best in the United States is that of the New York Academy of Medicine, West Forty-third St. It is free for reference. Books are circulated only to fellows of the Academy. In American and English medical periodicals, transactions and reports, the librarian, John S. Brownne, ranks the library as second best in this country; in similar French, German, Spanish and Italian publications third best.

The New York Hospital's library of 18,800 volumes, founded in 1796, possesses ancient and current literature, is free and circulates under certain restrictions.

The library of the New York State Medical Association, founded in 1885, and the Mott Memorial Library were united in 1890. They consist of medicine and kindred sciences, being especially strong in general surgery and obstetrics. It is well up to date, adding annually about 900 volumes and 300 pamphlets. The public are admitted from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M.; medical students until 2 P.M.; graduates until 3 P.M. The use of the library is free, but no books are circulated.

The clubs reporting libraries are the Lotos, Players, Grolier, the Press Club, the Reform Club and the Catholic Club. The Lotos has 500 volumes of general literature. Thomas W. Knox, its librarian, says the daily patronage of the billiard-room exceeds that of the library. The Grolier Club library is devoted to books about books, of which it has collected more than a thousand. These comprise bibliographies, works on printing and binding, sales catalogues, etc. The members make valuable gifts to the collection.

and grants are made by the council. The Players had a fine nucleus for a library of dramatic literature in Edwin Booth's library of 950 volumes, presented at the opening of the club three years ago, to which were afterward added the dramatic libraries of Lawrence Barrett and John Gilbert. Augustin Daly presented a unique and valuable collection of 40,000 play-bills, comprising many first-appearance bills, bills of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, Macready, the elder Booth and many others, which give an almost complete history of old Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Olympic and contemporary London and provincial theatres. At present works of a general character are on the shelves, but as space is needed these will be entirely superseded by the literature of the stage.

The University Club has a valuable library, now numbering nearly 9000 volumes. Its especial feature consists in the memorabilia of colleges, the collection of printed matter in regard to Harvard being nearly complete and unrivalled outside of the Harvard Library. There are similar collections on Yale, Princeton and Columbia. Dictionaries and encyclopædias, Latin and Greek texts and translations, standard fiction in modern languages, history and biography are the lines in which purchases are made.

The Catholic Club, temporarily in West Twenty-seventh St., owns a collection of about 18,000 volumes, almost equally divided between secular and theological works. The latter division is said to be only second in the value of its works to the celebrated Jesuit library in Woodstock, Maryland. These cover the history of the Catholic Church in Spanish America, missions in Canada, in the United States and in Great Britain; education, charities and associations, hagiography, religious orders, schisms, heresies and canon law among other subjects. Persons not members may consult books, and the club purposes to establish a free circulating library of improving literature.

The Reform Club has collected about 3000 volumes and 500 pamphlets on political economy and statistics of trade, commerce and manufactures, which are open to consultation by its members and their guests from 8 A.M. till midnight.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a library of 2200 works of art and archaeology, some of which are rare and valuable. It is only open to curators of the museum.

The American Geographical Society owns 20,000 volumes of geography, early voyages, etc., for use by its members. The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society permits the use of its 3000 genealogies and biographies to its subscribing and corresponding members and to literary workers introduced by them. The Numismatic and Archaeological Society possesses 3000 volumes on numismatics and archaeology almost entirely, the use of which is permitted to members on Thursday evenings and at the meetings of the society.

The Grand Lodge library of 10,000 volumes in Masonic Hall is for reference only, and is devoted to Masonic specialties.

The Prison Association of New York owns the largest collection in this country, and one of the largest in the world, of penological works, to which its library is exclusively devoted. There are 1100 volumes, and 2000 pamphlets, which may be used by subscribers to the Prison Association and persons properly introduced.

The House of Refuge on Randall's Island has 4100 volumes for the use of its inmates; it is classified in three divisions, the teachers' and officers' library, the boys' library and the girls' library.

The foregoing facts give some slight idea of the fund of valuable information collected by the New York Library Club, and the usefulness of a manual which will give in handy, portable form the various facts which the 'general reader' and the special student as well as the librarian wants for easy consultation. The idea of the manual was suggested to some librarians by the constant requests for books in some special line out of their own. It is designed to include in the work the libraries of Brooklyn, some of which are wealthy and important, and all that are within easy distance of New York.

The New York Library Club, the success of which has led to the formation recently of similar organizations of library workers in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Iowa and Pennsylvania, was organized in June, 1885, at Columbia College, when ten New York and two Brooklyn librarians composed its membership. It now numbers 115 persons, of whom fifty-three are New Yorkers. The others come to the monthly meetings from points as distant as Philadelphia, Princeton and New Haven, as well as Brooklyn, Yonkers, Staten Island, Newark and Jersey City. Membership in the club is open to any person interested in the affairs of libraries, and though the greater number of members are librarians and library workers, there are also several publishers, teachers and professors of literature, and one or two booksellers and bookbinders.

The object of the club is the promotion of acquaintance and fraternal relations among its members and the advancement of the

interests and increase in usefulness of the libraries of New York City and its vicinity, and it has accomplished excellent work. The members meet at such libraries as extend an invitation to them, for they have no home of their own, and have a jolly and social time comparing notes and learning the latest news, the best devices and the greatest improvements in all the phases of library work. There is usually a paper, which introduces a discussion. One of the first activities of the club was to prepare a union list of periodicals, giving all the periodicals taken in the libraries represented in the club, and indicating where each was to be found, whether complete sets were owned, current numbers on file, etc. The time for this work is taken by these busy men and women for their hours of recreation, and their only reward is the sense of having performed a public-spirited action. Among the best-known members are R. R. Bowker, its first President, now Vice-President of the Edison Electric Lighting Company, a Trustee of the Brooklyn Library and Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, who pursues authorship, editorship and publishing among numerous other avocations; William T. Peoples, the genial Librarian of the Mercantile Library, and Reuben B. Poole, of the Y. M. C. A. Library, who have both been Presidents; the Rev. Ernest C. Richardson, Librarian of the College of New Jersey, Princeton; Paul Leicester Ford, W. W. Appleton, J. F. Kernochan, William Greenough and Mrs. Richard James Cross, Trustees of the New York Free Libraries; W. A. Bardwell, Librarian of the Brooklyn Library; Silas H. Berry, Treasurer of the club and Librarian of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association Library; Frank P. Hill of the Newark Free Public Library; George Watson Cole of the Jersey City Public Library; E. J. F. Werder of Yale University; Thomas L. Montgomery of the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Philadelphia; Prof. Day of the Normal College; Prof. Abernethy of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn; George F. Winchester of the Paterson Public Library; Gustav Stechert, E. Steiger and J. N. Wing, booksellers, while among the women librarians are Miss E. M. Coe, Mrs. M. W. Plummer, Miss Lilian Denio, Miss Cattell, Miss Cutler, Miss Merington, Miss Hull, Miss Toedteberg and a great many who are cataloguers and assistants. The present president of the club is an Amherst graduate, class of '74, who took a graduate course in history and political science at his alma mater, and devoted two years to the same subject at the Berlin University. Mr. Baker is strongly attracted to literary studies, to which he gave much time while ostensibly devoting himself to political science, and his efforts as president of the club have been of a character to develop rather its literary and social phases than the strictly technical ones, such, for instance, as relate to the thickness of book-shelving or the thickness of paste. At a recent meeting held at the Long Island Historical Society, the Rev. Dr. Storrs addressed the club, and Dr. Richardson, of Princeton, read a paper on 'The Science of Books.'

Current Criticism

THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS COSMOPOLITES. — There were no forests and parks and chases, and few copses, vocal with nightingales and thrushes. So America had neither a Blomfield nor a Burns, and never produced a Scott or a Wordsworth. We are agreeably surprised when, in later days, Whittier has a sprightly ode to the bobolink. We do not forget Cooper and Washington Irving, but they are scarcely even the exceptions that prove the rule. Cooper idealized the romance of the vanishing Red Indian, as any European might have done, and perhaps, because his countrymen knew the Indian too well, that vein of fancy was soon worked out. And the most pleasing of Washington Irving's books—though his Rip Van Winkle is a charmingly humorous idyll—are the chronicles of chivalrous old Spain or his recollections of England and the Continent. Irving was the precursor of the Prescotts, the Motleys, the Bancrofts—those historians who have been as much distinguished for the spirit and grace of their style as for their learning and indefatigable labor. No novels could be more thrilling in the episodes, or in the force of picturesque description, than the 'Conquest of Mexico,' or the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' But men such as Prescott and Motley, as we have said, were more cosmopolitan than American. With their broad culture and long residence abroad they had imbued themselves with the old-world tastes and traditions. They found congenial associates in the lettered European society with its wider intellectual thought and well-stored libraries, and their reputations came to be their best letters of introduction when they ransacked the Continental archives for forgotten State papers. So it was in some degree with the distinguished novelists who followed Cooper after a long interval. The scenes of many of their stories are in the States, but most of them are more European than American.—*The London Times.*

MAUPASSANT'S AVERSION TO ENNUI.—The author of 'Pierre et Jean,' of 'Une Vie,' of 'Bel Ami,' seemed to fly from ennui as carefully as others appear to cultivate it. Ennui, however, if absent from his novels, little by little entered into his mind. He used to drive it away, as he thought, by yachting, by going into the woods or into society. I am not sure if drawing-rooms are quite healthy places for chosen spirits. Neurosis is a sort of unhealthy growth that develops in hothouses where vanity and self-deception become strangely embittered. I suspect that an author has everything to gain by remaining at his desk and avoiding mundane vanities and the *succès de salons*. Buffon, on whose lace cuffs too much praise has been lavished, used to declare that there was nothing to do in a *salon* but waste time. Yet the *salons* of the eighteenth century comprised, I may venture to say, some gifted members. Does a man remain gifted when it is a question of adapting himself to this or that *milieu*, of shining, and, in order to do so, enduring the facile commonplace of fools or the coquetry of scandal-mongers? That is the question. M. de Maupassant had too high a sense of his merits as a writer to take pleasure in shining. He nevertheless experienced the charm of women of the great world, and high life attracted this lover of the country and simplicity. I do not think, however, that this alteration in his life caused him suffering.—*The Athenaeum*.

LITERATURE AND ROYAL FAVORS.—The novels of Miss Corelli have been lucky enough to win the Queen's approval. The fact has appeared as 'literary intelligence' in all sorts of newspapers. *The Athenaeum*, however, omitted to mention it, and the authoress has publicly declared that she considers this omission unfair. An amusing discussion has been started in consequence, in which great scope for humor is afforded. Some people apparently consider the refusal of the leading literary journal to accept Her Majesty's opinion as one of any intrinsic value as evidence of bad taste, if not of actual disloyalty. This is the opinion of flunkeydom, and is, fortunately, as narrow physically as morally. Others, whilst seeing much worldly wisdom in the authoress's desire for a gratuitous advertisement for her books, warmly approve of *The Athenaeum* for refusing to quote the Queen's dictum. But, out of respect for Her Majesty, no critic has stated the truth boldly. One may, however, politically be the soul of loyalty, and artistically dwell in a republic of letters in which intellect only ranks, and where kings, coronets, and sceptres avail not. To endeavor to win popular approval by tagging to any literary or artistic production the label of approval which some eminent person has attached to it is to follow the example set us by the ambitious owners of soaps or quack medicines. Although it is quite true that nothing but the force of an enduring public opinion can give prolonged vitality to a novel, poem, or painting, the accidental admiration of some great one of the earth may bestow on it passing notoriety and increase tenfold its pecuniary value to the producer.—*Notes (Eng.) Express*.

MR. BALESTIER AND HIS PANEGRYISTS.—He has been, perhaps, more fortunate in the eminence of his posthumous panegyrists than in the style of their panegyrics. Mr. James's praise of him as 'open to new reciprocities and assimilations,' as a 'bright young forerunner of some higher common conveniences, some greater international transfusions,' strikes us as hardly more happily expressed than certain rhapsodical lines about a 'gentleman unafraid' in Mr. Kipling's poetical dedication. But it was a man with no common gifts who produced this powerful impression on judges so diverse as Mr. Kipling and Mr. James—who moved so uncompromising a censor as Mr. Kipling to a passionate sense of worth and loss, and won an almost enthusiastic recognition of promise from so deliberative a critic as Mr. James. Of the three stories in this volume, 'Reffey,' 'A Common Story,' and 'Captain, My Captain,' Mr. James, comparing performance with promise, speaks rather slightly. Indeed, all the young writer's friends agree in this—that his measure of performance gave no adequate indication of his power. That fact will give the reader a notion of the promise, for these three stories are by no means to be despised. Mr. James says they have the 'turn of the new convention,' and that is, no doubt, true. There is no longer the novelty there once was in these tales of the infant cities and pioneering enterprise of the Far West. It cannot be pretended that one gets from either of these three stories a scintilla of that sense of revelation—of the opening of new vistas—that one got from the first tales of Mr. Bret Harte or Mr. Kipling. And if two of the stories have the turn of the new convention of American romance, the third has the turn of the other new convention of American realism. There is just a suspicion of the flatness of flavor of the small beer of Boston about 'A Common Story.' Yet, as we have said,

the stories are decidedly good stories and well told, and they make us regret afresh that Mr. Balestier did not live to do the stronger work that was doubtless in him.—*The St. James's Budget*.

Notes

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. will be the English publishers of Mrs. Deland's forthcoming novel, 'The Story of a Child.' Before its appearance in book-form it will be published as a serial in *The Atlantic*.

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling is declared to have been writing a series of Japanese stories, and to have resolved to write a new Mulvaney story, also.

—Mr. Whittier has gathered the poems he has written since the publication of 'Saint Gregory's Guest' in 1886, and they will appear early in the autumn under the appropriate title 'At Sundown.' Some of these poems, if not all, appeared in a privately printed book under the same title a year or two ago.

—Lord Tennyson celebrated his eighty-third birthday on Aug. 6 in his house at Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey. He received several congratulatory cable messages from America.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen writes to the London *Times* that the subscription has been opened for the Lowell memorial. He says that the committee having the matter in charge have already received more than sufficient support to insure the insertion of the windows, as planned, in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The character of the commemorative tablet to be placed under the windows, he adds, depends upon the amount of the subscriptions.

—The London *Bookman*, which takes its motto from Lowell, will have reached its first year with its September number, and, in honor of the event, will present its readers with a plate portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes, accompanied by a critical estimate of his work. *The Bookman*, though a monthly, is always full of literary news, and is a very bright and readable paper.

—Mr. Garner's work on the speech of monkeys has just appeared in London.

—The greatest 'hit' made by a serial story in many a long day is to be credited to Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' in *The Strand Magazine*. What was paid for this story is not told, but there is to be a 'second series' of it, for which the author receives \$5000. Dr. Doyle's health, we regret to hear, has quite broken down from overwork.

—'Fifty Years of the Water Cure,' by Mr. Joseph Constantine of Manchester, will contain reminiscences of the Brontë family during their residence at Haworth, and of the late Mr. Thomas Cooper, the ex-Chartist.

—The last of the English Chartist, the late poet, Thomas Cooper, was in his boyhood apprenticed to a cobbler. He was accustomed at that time to rise at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning in order to carry on his studies, and the moment his work was over he was back at his books. At twenty-three he knew the Greek, Latin, Hebrew and French languages, was versed in mathematics, had a fine knowledge of English history and literature, and was indulging in general reading of the most extensive and varied character. All this learning he acquired alone and under the most adverse circumstances, overwork and inadequate food causing him great bodily weakness in his youth.

—Mr. Clinton Scollard will publish through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., this season, a volume of 'Songs of Sunrise Lands,' suggested by his travels in Egypt, Syria and Greece.

—In selling Althorp library, Lord Spencer reserved the right to retain any volumes, not rarities, on which he set special store.

—Mr. James C. Carter, the eminent New York lawyer, has written an article on Samuel J. Tilden, which will appear in an early number of *The Atlantic*. Mr. Carter, though a Republican, was a warm friend of Mr. Tilden. Dr. Hale's interesting account of 'A New England Boyhood,' which begins in the August *Atlantic*, will continue through the rest of the year.

—A new and revised edition of Mr. Payne's translation of 'Villon' is in preparation for sale by subscription in handsome octavo form. The text has been in great part rewritten with large additions to the biographical essay and the notes.

—A book of 'Reminiscences,' by Mr. Santley, the well-known singer, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Edward Arnold.

—Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, we learn through *The Bookman*, is now living quietly at Oxford, where, 'in spite of that most isolating affliction of deafness from which she suffers severely, she has made many friends.'

—*The Arena* will contain in its September number a somewhat remarkable psychological story by Mr. Coulson Kernahan. It is the narrative of an attempted suicide, says *The Bookman*, and is founded upon facts which came to the writer's knowledge some time ago, and upon which he founded his 'Dead Man's Diary.' The title of the story is 'The Journey of a Would-be Suicide.'

—Marshal Macmahon's Memoirs, containing his recollections of the African Campaign, the Crimea, and Italy; the War of 1870-71; the Army at Versailles; and the Presidency of the Republic, will not be published till after his death, but four copies have been lithographed.

—The next issue of *The Critic* will be our annual Educational Number. With the regular edition we shall print 7500 extra copies, and mail them to college professors, principals of private and public schools, Superintendents and Boards of Education, and others having to do with educational work, whose names and addresses have been selected with care from every State in the Union.

—*Sun and Shade* for August prints a handsome portrait of Mr. Charles S. Peirce, the distinguished mathematician, and author of 'Studies in Logic.' The resemblance to Mr. Lowell is quite striking.

—Sir Daniel Wilson, President of the University of Toronto, Canada, died in that city on Sunday, after a protracted illness. He was born in Edinburgh, Jan. 5, 1816, and was an elder brother of Prof. George Wilson, the eminent physicist. In 1841 he published 'Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time,' and in 1851 appeared his greatest work, 'The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' in two volumes, with about 200 illustrations drawn by himself. He was appointed Professor of History and English Literature in the Toronto University in 1853, and in 1881 succeeded Dr. McCaul in its Presidency. In 1885 he was elected President of the literature section of the Royal Society of Canada. He received the honor of knighthood from Queen Victoria three years later.

—Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Hon. Secretary of the Shelley Society, is preparing a volume of Mr. Ruskin's unpublished letters. It will be for private circulation, and not more than thirty-three copies will be printed.

—Richard Davey and Walter Pollock's drama, 'Holyrood,' which deals with the earlier and most dramatic episode of the life of Mary Stuart, has been submitted to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has commissioned M. Paul Berton to adapt the piece in French for her.

—Cassell & Co., London, will publish on Sept. 1 'The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus.' These reminiscences will extend from 1837 to 1862. Lord Augustus has been connected with the diplomatic service for upwards of half a century, and has visited in an official capacity nearly every country in Europe; whilst of the diplomatic life of the three great empires of Germany, Russia and Austria he knows perhaps as much as any man living. The volumes will throw light on many subjects which have been and still are of world-wide interest.

—Poe's Cottage at Fordham, N. Y., has again changed hands. A wealthy Catholic publisher has just bought the quaint and fast-decaying house, and as soon as the present litigation over the title to the property is settled the new owner will have the cottage lifted up and carried to his country seat a few blocks away. There it will be transformed into a studio and library for the use of the new owner.

—A book with the title 'What America Owes to Woman' is in preparation by Lydia Hoyt Farmer for the Woman's Department of the Chicago Exposition. Mrs. Farmer, who lives in Cleveland, would be glad of suggestions which may help to set forth the work of women in America, and specifies 'either personal facts of interest or statistics of the number of women engaged in philanthropy, education, or any line of labor, mental or physical.'

—Mr. Brander Matthews's arrangement with *The Cosmopolitan* will end with the current year, so that the last of his regular monthly literary articles will appear in the December number of that magazine. The 'pick' of the papers in which he has been preaching against colonialism in letters will appear next month in a little book to be called 'Americanisms and Briticisms—with Other Essays on Other Issues.' The Harpers will publish it in the series with Howells, Curtis, Higginson, Warner, etc. And Mr. Carroll Beckwith will make an admirable pencil drawing of the author to serve as a frontispiece. Mr. Matthews, Mr. Jonathan Sturges and Mr. J. C. Van Dyke constitute the literary colony at Narragansett Pier, just now. The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is around the corner, and Mr. Thomas A. Janvier is generally within reach; while Mr. Edwin Booth is just opposite, at his daughter's.

—Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale, the distinguished political economist, is completely broken down by nervous exhaustion, and will not return to his classes this year. He has added Russian to his stock of languages, and is devoting some attention to the economic state of the Tsar's empire, which he knows pretty well from his travels there. With his invalid wife and two sons he is renewing his strength at a little fishing village on the Baltic in the Province of Pomerania.

—D. Appleton & Co publish this week 'Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon: A Manx Yarn,' by Hall Caine, author of 'The Scape-Goat'; also a new volume in their Summer Series, by John Seymour Wood, entitled 'Gramercy Park: A Story of New York.'

—An illustrated edition of Green's 'Short History of the English People' is in preparation, and the first volume will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. The illustrations have been selected with the purpose of carrying out the favorite wish of the author—to interpret and illustrate English history by pictures which should show how men and things appeared to the lookers-on of their own day, and how contemporary observers aimed at representing them.

—President John H. Finley of Knox College, editor of *The Charities Review*, is trying to raise a much-needed quarter of a million for the institution of which he has recently been put at the head.

—*The Athenaeum* of July 30 devotes four columns to a complimentary review of John Fiske's 'Discovery of America' and two to a similar notice of Capt. Bourke's 'On the Border with Crook.' The reviewer of 'The Naulahka' is at a loss to know why Mr. Kipling took in a partner, when writing his latest book. 'Mr. Kipling does not, if he will excuse the expression, show to such advantage in double as in single harness. We prefer to see him prancing and curvetting alone, rather than unequally yoked with another steed.'

—Dr. Thomas Arnold died on June 12, 1842, and a few weeks before the fiftieth anniversary of his death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and sundry Bishops and other notabilities asked Dean Bradley that a place be reserved for the great Master of Rugby 'amongst those who have served England best, and whom the nation most delights to honor.' The Dean naturally welcomed an opportunity to aid in honoring his former teacher; and it has been decided to ask Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A. R. A., to execute a medallion portrait of the Doctor in high relief, in an appropriate architectural setting. It will fill the mural arch in the place granted by the Dean. It is estimated that the cost, including the fees to the Abbey Fabric Fund, will be between \$4500 and \$5000. Americans desirous of aiding the work, may send subscriptions to the Dr. Thomas Arnold Memorial Fund, at the Bank of England, London, E. C. Bishop Phillips Brooks of Massachusetts is a member of the Memorial Committee.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Arkansas School Report. | Little Rock, Ark. |
| Anstey, F. The Travelling Companions. \$1.75. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Barrie, J. M. An Edinburgh Eleven. \$1. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Burgess, W. Evolution of Science. 10c. | Chicago: Cong'l Book Store. |
| Caine, H. Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Clarke, F. M. A Maiden of Mars. | Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. |
| Carrington, H. B. Kristopherus. 25c. | New England Pub. Co. |
| California School Report. | Sacramento, Cal. |
| Chetwynd-Stapilton, H. E. The Chetwynds of Ingestre. \$4.50. | |
| Chilton, E. The History of a Failure. \$1. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Colorado School Report. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Gordon, H. P. The Land of the Almighty Dollar. \$2.50. | Denver, Col. |
| Goodwin, W. W. Greek Grammar. | Fred. Warner & Co. |
| Horton, G. Songs of the Lowly. | Boston: Ginn & Co. |
| Hume, F. A Creature of the Night. 25c. | Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co. |
| Jefferson, S. Columbus. \$1.25. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Jones, E. E. C. Introduction to General Logic. \$1.50. | Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. |
| Kansas School Report. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Lang, A. The Blue Poetry Book. 60c. | Topeka, Kans. |
| Macfar, A. M. Marjorie's Canadian Winter. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Mississippi School Report. | Boston: D. Lothrop Co. |
| Montana School Report. | Jackson, Miss. |
| North Dakota School Report. | Helena, Mont. |
| Oregon School Report. | Bismarck, N. D. |
| Pratt, A. E. To the Snows of Tibet through China. \$5. | Salem, Ore. |
| Russell, D. The Other Bond. 50c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Stevenson, R. L. A Footnote to History. \$1.50. | John A. Taylor & Co. |
| Selgman, E. R. A. Shifting and Incidence of Taxation. \$2. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Speeches of Gladstone. Vol. X. | An. Economic Association. |
| South Dakota School Report. | London: Methuen & Co. |
| Texas School Report. | Pierre, South Dak. |
| Tomkins, H. B. Burr Bibliography. Brooklyn: N. Y. Historical Printing Club. | Austin, Tex. |
| Vaganay, H. Le Roman aux Etats-Unis. | Gand, France. |
| Washington School Report. | Olympia, Wash. |
| Wallis, Dorothy. An Autobiography. \$1.50. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Williams, J. L. Home and Haunts of Shakespeare. Secs. 10, 11, 12. \$2.50 each. | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Wilson, G. H. Musical Year-Book of the United States. Vol. IX. | Worcester, Mass.: Chas. Hamilton. |
| Wood, J. S. Gramercy Park. | D. Appleton & Co. |

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The Critic Clubbing List.

To accommodate subscribers who desire to obtain a number of periodicals through one agency and at reduced rates, we will, until further notice, receive orders for THE CRITIC and any of the periodicals named below at the prices given in the columns headed "With THE CRITIC." (The price of THE CRITIC, alone, is \$3.00.)

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1 00	Ladies' Home Journal.....	4 00
5 00	Life.....	7 50
3 00	Lippincott's Magazine.....	5 25
3 00	Macmillan's Magazine.....	5 75
5 00	Mag. of American History.....	7 50
3 50	Magazine of Art.....	6 00
3 00	New England Magazine.....	5 75
3 00	New World.....	6 00
3 00	N. Y. Observer (new).....	5 25
1 00	N. Y. Weekly Post.....	4 00
1 00	N. Y. Weekly Times.....	3 95
1 00	N. Y. Weekly Tribune.....	3 90
5 00	North American Review.....	7 25
3 00	Outing.....	5 75
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